dy. She likes little boys, I have heard

"Oh, everybody likes little boys," he an-

swored naively; "everybody likes me,"

and then after a moment added: "but Bill

"What does Bill do?" inquired my

friend, with keener intuition. The little

one stopped a moment, and then, as if pos-

sessed of an original idea, bounded off to

the iron chains which fenced the grounds

In front of the hotel. Once here he stopped

to assure himself we were looking, and

In an instint he had turned two or three

omersaults around the chain, and landed

"That's no place to do it," he added

gracefully on his feet in the middle of the

scornfully as he returned to our side,
"Bill makes all the people clap their

bands and holler 'hi! hif' Oh! you ought

Just then a gray-coated, keen-faced and

good-natured looking young man came

quickly up the path. In an instant the

"Ob, there's Bill?" and in less time than

"Did you see that rough fellow kiss that

child?" said Mrs. Van Arness, as the coup-

le disappeared. Just then the most pomp-

ous of our boarders sauntered out, cigar

between fingers, and with a shrug of his

"I wonder at you, ladies. I have insist-ed upon my wife's keeping her room,"

"Well," said my companiou, striking an

quaintance with her evidently losing her

temper, "that means that you think your

"You are correct as usual, Mrs. Van Ar-

with a mischlevous crease in the corners of

her pretty mouth; "that Is, if they have

got hearts. I saw an Irishman, sir, a day

laborer, the other day, digging in the streets,

and I declare to you that I wanted to shake

hands with him. A little girl almost fell

into the hole he was making, and when he

not only prevented her, but took her in his

arms and hugged and kissed her, I thought

to myself that the sweet nobility of that

red shirted son of Erin would put to shame

many a so called pristocrat in our so called

"Well, I declare!" said the gentleman,

as my lady walked off. "Would you be-

I believe I smiled and made no answer.

What use to fight these prejudices? About

as much as to try and destroy a stone wall

with a blow from one's head. Not long af-

ter this I came across Mrs. Van Arness in

carnest conversation with Bill. I confess

heve that a woman of her culture could hav

sue's low tastes?"

ness," beanswered with impressiveness,

it takes me to write it Bill had bim tight in

boy was off, saying joyfully:

boulders remarked:

with these circus people?"

likes me better than anybody."

"Who is Bill?" I asked.

grass plot.

to see Bill."

## The Vermont Phœnix.

Published weekly, by PRESCRIA STERMAN.

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Finar Barrier.—Main St. 1 Rev. Hornce Rushnell,

Finar Barrier.—Main St.; Hov. Horace Bushnoll, Paulor. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 1:30 a. m. Missionary Consect. 1st Sunday evening in each month. Sunday School Concert hist Sunday evening to each month. Sunday evening, round people's prayer meeting. School Concert hist Sunday evening is each month, Faryer meeting on the other Sunday evening, round moday evening, prayer meeting. 7:35.

Central Consustantinal.—Main St.;
Frater. Sunday services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.;
Frater. Sunday services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.;
Frater. Sunday services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.;
Frater. Bunday services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.;
Frater. Bunday services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.;
Frater. Bunday services 11:30 a. m.; Footeeris 13:40 the place of the eventing service on the lat and 2d Sundays of the month, respectively. Young propole's meeting Monday evening at 1-4 to 8. Thursday p. m., ladies' prayer meeting, 9 o'clock.

Errocorat.—Main St.; Hev. W. H., Colling, Rector.
Sunday services; Morning prayer and sermon 10:30 a. m.; Evening prayer and sermon 7:00 p.m.; Sunday school 12:15 p. m. Holy days, 11:00 a. m. Holy day School 12:15 p. m. Holy days, 11:00 a. m. Holy community 1st Sunday in the month, and on sil great feetivals. The children of the parsish are catchised on the 1st Sunday in every months 13 p. m.
Marinonist Erracorat.—Meetings in lower town half.

e-hissed on the let Sunday in every month at 5 p. m. Marmonia Erracorat. —Meetings in lower town hall; itev. N. F. Perry, Paster. Preaching Sunday at 10:59 a. m.; Sunday Sec. 12 m.; prayer meeting in the evening. S. S. Concert th Sunday of every month. Class meeting Treesby creening; prayer meeting Friday evening. Beats free.

Rozan Carnotic, —Walnut St.; Rev. Henry Lane, Fastor. Sunday services—High imass 10:50 a. m.; Vespers and Benediction 7:50 p. m.
UNITAMIAS. —Main St.; Rev. W. L. Jonkins, Pastor. Services Sunday a.m., at 10:30. Seats free.
Finst Universature.—Connel St.; Rev. M. H. Harris, Pastor, residence on North St. Sunday sermen 10:39 a.m. Services Methday and Friday evenings at 7:30.

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by GS, which he is solling at 10 per et \$5.00 WILL BUY A GOOD NEW mer prices. Er Call and select! Room SEWING MACRENE, warranted for one

## Miscellany.

Three Priends of Mine.

then I remember them, those friends of mine, Who are no longer here, the noble three Who half my life were more than friends to me And whose discourse was like a generous wine, most of all remember the divine Something, that shows in them, and made us ree The archetypal man, and what might be The amplitude of Nature's first davign. n vain I stretch my hands to chep their hands; I cannot find them. Nothing now is left But a majestic memory. They meanwhile Vander together in Elysian lands,

Perchance remembering me, who am bereft of their dear pressure, and, remembering, smile. n Atties thy birthplace should have been, Or the Ionian Islan, or where the scan So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serence and childlike joy of life, O Philhelene Around thee would have swarmed the Attic bees Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates, And Plate welcomed thee to his demesne

Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea, And in the sunset Jason's fisece of gold! , what hadet thou to do with cruel death, Who wast so full of life, or Death with the

or the old legends breathed historic breath

stand again on the familiar shore And hear the waves of the distracted nea Pitcously calling and lamenting thee, And waiting restless at thy cottage door the rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean floor, The willows in the meadow, and the free Wild winds of the Alfautic welcome me; Then why shouldst thou be deal and come no more Ab. why shouldet thou be dead, when common men

Are busy with their trivial affairs, Having and holding? Why, when then hadst read attitude, and for the first time since my ac-Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears wife would be contaminated by contact

iver, that stealest with such silent pace Around the City of the Dead, where Hes A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eye Shall see no more in his accustomed place, inger and fold him in thy soft embrace.

And say good night, for now the western shies Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise Like damps that gather on a dead man's face oed night! good night! as we so oft have a Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days That are no more, and shall no more return how hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed I stay a little longer, as one stays. To cover up the embers that stall burn.

The doors are all wide open; at the gate The Llorsomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze And seem to warm the air; a dreamy hare Hangs o'er the Brighton mendows like a fair. And on their margin, with sea-tides clate. The flooded Charles, as in the happier days, Writes the last letter of his name, and stays His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.

I also wait; but they will come no more, Those friends of mine whose presence satisfied The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me! They have forgotten the pathway to my door! Something is gone from nature since they died, And summer is not aummer, nor can be, Henry W. Longfellow.

that the members of a circus company who were to perform in the neighborhood had

telegraphed their intention of "putting up

at our tavern." Within five minutes after

the receipt of this intelligence almost ev-

ery guest had received it as a personal in

sult. This of course was not to be wonder-

ed at ; indeed it was a perfectly natural re-

sulf, and one which our host should have

been prepared for. The only surprise I

felt was that in this goodly company there

were to be found a few individuals, whose

noses remained level, and, who, notwith

standing their "distinguished descent" did

not appear to be in the least disturbed by

the unusual news. We are sometimes com

pelled to look this fact squarely in the face

The secident of aristocratic birth does not

always losure against plebian proclivities.

One little woman who had charmed us

ail, even the folks with the sensitive offac

tories, came dancing up to me after the par

she had found a congenial spirit.

should just like to shock 'em."

olly ?"

talk so loud."

ty had discersed, evidently imagining that

"I am so glad," she said, "won't it be

"Hush!" I answered, warningly, "Don't

Oh! they are all gone," she went on, he

pleasant eyes sparkling; "and I do believe

I kept to myself the fact that she had al-

eady done so. Twice to my knowledge

the had threatened Mrs. Grundy with ver

inger of the head waiter. The poor fellow

bad given humself a had cut, and naturally

enough, perhaps, for one who didn't know

any better, had rushed to the person whose

sympathy and assistance he was surest of

On another occasion she had bounded into

roods, her hands full of wild flowers for

her table. After arranging them nicely in

a vare she actually selected some of the

freshest of the blossoms, and making a

tasteful buttonhole bouquet fistened it to

"There Frank," she said, "this is what I

call a proper regard for the fitness of things.

Give me some soop quick, please! I am

It was a little singular, perhaps, but that

But I must harry on to "Bill." The cir-

was a great bustle. Most of the guests

kept their own rooms. I thought it would

be pleasant to get a climpse of the horses

and hear the music, so I did not vacate my

rocking chair on the pluzza, as perhaps un-

der the circumstances it was eminently

proper I should do. My only lady com-

panion was the sweet and incorrigible little

Mrs. Van Arness, the lady above mention-

ed. Trunks, portmanteaus, and baggage of all description found its way to the

followed the human freight; by the way,

not half so frightful or so coarse as our su-

per-sensitiveness had imagined. A man and a woman looking very much like oth-

er folks walked into the house, the woman

with a young baby in her arms, the man

leading a little boy apparently about three

years of age. The child's gait and manner

gave evidence of training for the ring, even

at that early age. Five minutes after I

looked up from my book to see Mrs. Van

Arness a short distance from me, talking

very busily with this same little fellow.

His parents were busy in their own room,

and had probably not noticed the child's

"Come out here," she said at last, actual-

the lappel of our waiter's cost.

them in water every night.

famished."

the diving room fresh from a ramble in the

that this slightly annoyed me; but my aunoyance was of short duration, for she turned to me and said : BILL. "I just met that little boy I was talking Aristocratic noses were turned up in dis to awhile age in the hall, and if I hadn't gust. The broad piezza of the hotel in the dashed some water in his face I really bevillage of B. had perhaps never beforeheld lleve he would have choked to death; and such a weight of annoved humanity. The I was asking of his friend some questions proprietor had just informed his guests

"And I was telling her," said Bitl, respectfully, his hat in his hand, "that last night he had the croup, and don't seem to have got over it; but he's as bright as a dollar now. The croup is generally pretty hard, I've heard, on a child of his build, He'll get through his performance the first of the evening, and his mother will send him right down to the hotel; and I shall be through in an hour or so after that. She has to ride the last one."

"And what becomes of the baby?" "That goes to the show," he answered with a smile. "It's a mighty good baby, and we take turns taking care of it. If you have anything, ma'am, that's good for the croup, I wish you'd let me know. If anything should happen to little Jo-wellif anything should happen."

The minority in this case, I observed, kept For a moment he twirled his hat nerv very quiet. A wise course for minorities ously, and then with an abrupt bow turned on his heel and walked hastily away. "Oh! it |was frightful!" said my com

panion. "Poor little child! I don't believe ou ever heard of anything half so sweet as what he said to me when I wiped the water from his face, after the spasm had passed."

"'You was seared, wasn't you, lady? Mind now, don't tell Bill nor my mamma. My mamma will cry, and Bill will look this way!' and then he drew down his face in comic imitation of his faithful friend. I lost a little boy with croup once," she continued softly. "It must be agonizing for a nother to be obliged to live a life of this kind, with no time for domestic comfort, no time to nurse her sick or pet her little

It was strange that this woman, bred in luxury, accustomed to the choicest society, should have not a word of blame to utter against the profession which her sister wo man had chosen. She was sorry for her, she wanted to help her. She would have assisted Ler with her means and her sympathy, have nursed her and hers with her own lender hands, but reproach her never by thought, word or deed. I realized then as never before the tremendous power for good that such purity and unselfishness est exert. But, God help us, the majority of those who labor for others, seek first n their mistaken zeal and pride to tear lown trades and institutions, nover thinking of the poor souls who perish in the ru-

withered and wasted, carefully potting ins I heard no more from Mrs. Van Arness until about nine o'clock that evening. Then ens company arrived, and of course there a messenger informed me that the lady desired my presence immediately in her room. I found her with little Jo in her arms, looking very pale and anxious. The boy had been brought home a short time before, and Bill arriving a few moments after bad found him in another spasm of strangulation and sent for my friend. He was now easier, and looked up into my face with a

"Much as Jo could do to stand on Bill's hand to-night," he said, glancing at the rooms set spart for our new guests. Then poor fallow, who looked the picture of de-

"But didn't they holler hil hil Bill? didn't they clap their bands and boller hi! hi ?" "Next time we'll'make'em holler loude than that," said Bill with difficulty; "we'll

"Guess so !" said the child, and then followed another frightful spaun. The doctor came and did all that human skill suggested. The mother was sent for in great haste, and all the time Bill walked backward and forward, up and down with the little sufferer, who begged to be kept in motion. At last, after one of those fearful

leading him towards me; "and see this laparoxysms, the child opened his eyes and looked around at all of us. The angel of death, or rather of quick life, was hovering near. That was plain to all but Bill. His moral sense is never cultivated. He "Where's my mamma?" the calld asked, n piteous tones; and then raising himself

> "Kisa Jo, quick, Bill! Kiss Jo, quick!" The tiny arms were clasped around the rough neck, and when Bill a moment after held him off and looked in his face to account for the sudden stillness, a pair of lifeless blue eyes stared up at him. The child | money for him and sent him out West. was gone. The mother, in her short skirts, He settled in a thriving town on the bortinsel and paint, fresh from the ring, came upon the floor. Neither moan nor tear escaped poor Bill. Once, as Mrs. Van Ar- won the respect of the townspeople, was

"I thought there was a God. Jo was all

Well, it was all over, and the wretched nourners, went away with their precions burden. I was surprised when Bill bade

"I hope I shall see you again some time, ma'am. I begin to understand it now, and I am sure little Jo is in God's hands, That's a good deal to be sure of, ma'am, and some time I shall be reconciled—but if it hadn't

The young man turned away too full to clas saw it, but when the weeping mother prominent citizen, pressed Mrs. Van Arness's hand to her lips the drar woman drew her sister close to eyed Thompson,' the burglar, then I'll go her heart and kissed her check with all tenderness and affection; an affection born "All up," said Thompson, "I'm done of the purest charley. "For the greatest of for. Here I am, captain! It is one of all is churity."

A few days after this I was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Van Arness. Imagine my surprise on discovering that my friend was is the caslest thing in the world to hunt a

his arrival r "Your wife has worn berself quite out waiting upon some people here. Nothing who, in a moment of temptation, forged a any of us could do or say seemed to have check on his employers. It was a peculiarthe least effect; and with this class of prople, sir, you of course know how impossible | well connected, and when the detective it is to do any good."

little as he auswered: "My wife, Heaven bless her! works with

her heard and, my dear sir, although mine has not been an unsuccessful ministry, yet I assure you she has accomplished more with her heart and bands than I ever have or ever shall accomplish by the pulpit," Amen! and amen,-Herald of Health. confidence in him, and he had numerous

-Children are children as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat, that sits purring before the fire does not trouble perself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing here and there in a fever of excitement to eatch its own tall. She sits still and purrs on. People should dathe same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of their affection, all watch and wor-

Fowell Baxton said: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men-between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insigniticant, is energy-invincible determination-a purpose, once fixed, and then, death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man

had been decided in his favor, expressed his feelings as follows in an impromptu written to the ball court: By cost impoverished, and grown old in

I've gained my suit! and strut in tattered clothes! I've gained the sait! et gladness rend the

The man who lest it has no clothes at all -The proprietor of a rope-walk says that what makes it hard on rope-makers is that at least fifty men die daily of natural caus

food on account of its superior bone giving qualities. You can feed a person on that kind of bread until be is nearly all bones. -The autobiography of an Irishman in formes us that he "ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only

-How many grains of common sense go o one scruple? Hew many scruples of onscience go to one dram?

good name endureth forever. Have regard to thy name. -A man may be ashamed of the fashion

-Etiquette.-If you pay a visit it is not necessary to take a receipt. -A watch with a second-hand need no

be a second-hand watch.

of the Elizabeth News and ordered his paper stopped because he differed from the

ouitor in his views regarding the advantages of subsoiling fence rails. The editor, of course, conceded the man's right to stop his paper, but be remarked coolly, looking over his list: "Do you know Jim Sowders down at Hardscrabble?"

"Well, he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that timothy was a

"Lord is that so?" said the astonished "Yes, and you know old George Erick son, down on Eagle Creek ?"

"Well, I've heard of him." "Well," said the editor gravely, "he happy father of twins, and congratulated dead within twenty minutes. There are lots of similar cases, but it don't matter. I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong, and there's a had color on your nose."

"See here, Mr. Editor," said the subscriber, looking somewhat alarmed, "I be lieve I'll just keep on another year; 'cause I always did like your paper; and come to think about it, you're a young man, and some allowance orter be made," and be departed, satisfied that he had made a narMunting a Man Down.

It is very hard to make the detective understand that he owes anything to society. quite as often prevents a criminal from reforming as be prevents justice from overin his nurse's arms as if perfectly conscious taking him. Capt, Young once told me of that his time was short, said: of the officer had loaded society with outlaws. One was that of the well-known "One-eyed Thompson," who early in his career was saved from the clutches of the law by some friends who raised a sum of der, and changing his name made a most in a moment after, and fell in a dead faint praiseworthy effort to become a useful member of society. He opened a store, ness endeavored to comfort him he remark- actually made selectman, and was in a fair way to live long and die honored for his many virtues, when he suddenly turned

up on the streets here again. "Hulloo," says Captsin Young. "I thought you had 'squared it' and was out

"Yes, I thought so, too," says Thompson. "But it was no use; one of your best men did my business for me,"

It seems that this detective, sitting on the veranda of the new hotel opposite to the store which the reformed man had opened, "spotted him." "Well, I'm blessed if there isn't 'One-eyed Thompson!' Some of the people guessed not. "Ob, ho! it was, ch? If that isn't 'One-

back and join the church."

And so well fixed was he that he become man down when he is trying to be honest Our pompous guest said to him soon after with his own record against him. There is a case on record of a young manin a prominent dry goods house in this city I followed the captain. ly painful affair. The young man was made the discovery it almost broke his The pale face of the minister flushed a parents' heart, However, after some troube the matter was compromised. The father paid the money and some mitigation of sentence was effected. With the stain upon him he started out to redeem his character, if he could. After wandering about for some time he obtained a situation in New Orleans as entry clerk, and at the end of the year saw a fair prospect of achieving success. His employers had

> reputable acquaintances. One day while on the sidewalk superintending the shipment of some goods, one of these New York men came along. "Halloo! you here?"
> "Yes," said this young man, with his

heart in his mouth. "What are you doing?"

"Trying to earn an honest living!" It seems incredible, but it is true. The officer went straight into the store. One week later the young man was in New York. "God knows," he said, "I tried as hard as

anybody could to be honest, but it's no use !" Of course a detective who had the slightest notion of his obligation as a man to society, to say nothing of his duty as an officer, would not have made this mistake. And that reminds me of another case which ought to teach even police officers that discretion and kindness are not without fruits even in this business.

Everybody on the force remembers Johnny Mass. He was a pickpocket and belonged to a mob that worked on the for you. I was obliged to hide myself from the and it is less than the angle and the angle angle and the angle and the angle angle and the angle angle and the angle angle and the angle a west side. How he got into the company of these people it would be hard to tell, But he was an adroit and rather amiable thief that scarcely ever caused the force any trouble. It was customary in the days of the metropolitan police to lock up all the pickpockets and "guns" when there was to be a great celebration or procession. They were merely ordered to the central office, and there kept until the city was restored to its original quiet. Johnny Mass only needed to be told to go to headquarters to to report himself there promptly. He was a young man, rather slight in tuild, and somewhat taciture,.

To the surprise of the superintendent, he cause to the office one afternoon and in-But he was an adroit and rather amiable

he came to the office one afternoon and inquired when all the special men would be n. He was told be could see them in the last night when my billet of quarters was morning. When the morning came he was there. After the roll was called the superintendent said: "Now, Johnny, the men are all here if you want to speak to them." He got up from the corner in which he was sitting, and wringing out his cap with | who had returned home a lew days before his two hands, proceeded to address toem

in a faltering and abashed manuer: 'Well, you see, I've concluded to 'square it.' You've been pretty rough on me for some time, and I've got a sister that's got the heart disease, and she's took it inter her head that she'd live a bit longer if as how I'd do the right thing, and I told her gimme a hand why I don't mind makin' it a go. I don't want to get 'the cholera' no more, and if the gal'il live a hit longer

on my account I am willin'. " All the men went up and shook hands with him, and it was agreed that he shouldn't "have the cholera" unless he broke through his resolution. About a year after that, in the dead of a severe winter, the superintendent was coming through Crosby street into Bleecker, and he met Johnny Mass. The fellow was dressed in a thin bombazine coat. He was collarless, and his feet were out and he ame, here are four francs; I don't know if ooked hungry, pluched and wretched. "I'm glad you've kept your word, John-

ny. But it's going pretty hard with you, I suppose, to be honest?" "Awful hard, sir," said Johnny; "but I told her I would, and I did." "That's right. Don't go back of your word. Stick it out. You'll have better

times by and by." "Do you see that bank over there?" said the young man, pointing to the marble building in Blecker street. "Well, there ain't money enough in that place to make me go back. I'd rather go cold and hungry and not be bunted-so I would."

The next summer one of the botel proprietors at Long Branch sent up to the superintendent for a man to keep an eye on the thieves that hang round a watering place. "I can get you a man," said the apperintendent, thinking of Johnny. "but I'm bound to tell you he's been a thief." "Then I don't want him."

Then the superintendent told the story I ave told, only he told it better.
"Send him down," said the landlord, "a chap that'll do that ought to be help-

made a man of bim. During that season there wasn't a robbery committed at the

Branch, Johnny stationed himself at the railroad depot, and when he saw a former pal he warned him off, "It's no use," he would say. "I don't want to 'pipe' none for the first time after her marriage, to viso' you boys, and I ain't goin' to do it if you it her parents in her old home, to show

ful rough on both of us." And to their credit it ought to be said that they always went back. If I had been two that I heard pass between her and her in the sentimental or the moral way there is one thing I should like to have known. Do you know what this is? I should like farewell. I always watch with great into have known that sister that had the beart disease. One other thing; I'd like to give you the name of that superintendent, but I'd have to ask him first, and that's im- their previous lives from the little hints possible,-N. Y. World,

Marie, or the Blue Handkerchief.

About the end of October last year, I was cturning on foot from Orleans in the Chateau de Bardy. A regiment of the foreign guard was marching abreast of me and on the same read. I had hastened my steps to hear the military music which I liked so much; but the band ceased playing; a few taps of the drum from afar off alone marked the measured step of the soldiers.

iment enter a small field, surrounded by a clump of fir trees. I asked a captain whom I knew if they were about to exercise. No. said he to me, they are about to judge and probably to shoot a soldier of

After an half hour's march I saw the reg-

my company for having robbed the man with whom he was quartered. What! said I, to judge, condemn and

execute at once?
Yes, said he, it is according to our artiles of capitulation. For him, this was unanswerable, as though all had been provided for in the capitula-

tion-the crime, the punishment, the jus-

tice and even the humanity. Besides, if

you are curious, added the captain, I will get you a place. It won't take long. I had always a passion for these sad spectacles, and I imagined that I could learn what death was by the face of the dying.

The regiment was formed in a hollow square; behind the rear rank and on the edge of the wood, some soldlers were digging a grave. They were commanded by a first lieutenant, for everything in a regiment is done with order, and there is a certain discipline in digging a man's grave. In the centre of the square eight officers were sitting on drum heads, the ninth on the right and more forward, was writing a

ew words upon his knees, but carelessly

The accused was called. He was a tall young man, of a noble and honest face, A woman advanced with him, the only witness who was to testify in the case; but when the colonel was about to interrogate this woman:

without some formalities.

ways an bonest fellow."

"It is useless," said the soldier, "I will onfess all. I stole the handkerchief from this woman's house." The Colonel-"You, Pierre! you were al-

Pierre-"It is true, my Colonel, I have

always tried to satisfy my officers; and it was not for myself that I stole it; 'twas for Marie." The Colonel-"Who is this Marie ?" Pierre-" 'Tis Marie who lives yonder in my village near Arenburg, where the great apple tree is. I shall never see ber more!"

The Colonel-"I do not understand you, Pierre; explain yourself." Pierre-"Well, my Colonel, read this," and he handed to him the following letter, every word of which is present to my mem-

"My good friend Pierre:
I profit by the recruit Arnold, who is enally scolds me for loving you so much, and says you will not come back. You will

When the letter was read Pierre resum ed. Arnold, said he, gave me this letter received. All night I could not sleep. thought of the village and of Marie. She asked me for something from France, I had no money : I had pledged my pay for three months for my brother and consin, This morning when I arose to leave, I was hanging on a line; it resembled that of Marie's; it was the same color, the same white stripes. I was weak enough to take it and put it in my sack. I went down into the street; I repented of what I had done and was about returning to the house when this woman ran after me. The bandkerchief was found upon me, that is the truth

The expitulation demands that I be shot

Shoot me, but do not despise me." The judges could not restrain their emo tion-but, notwithstanding, when the vote was taken, he was unanimously condemued to death. He heard the verdict with composure; then, approaching his Captain, The Captain gave them to him. I saw then that he advanced toward the woman, to whom the blue handkerchief had been re stored, and I heard these words: "Madyour handkerehief is worth any more, but even if it should be, I pay dear enough for it, and you ought to excuse kind, official tones: "Child perfectly sound; me for the difference." Then taking the slighted on a pile of straw in a field, not handkerchief be kissed it and gave it to two feet from a stone wall," the Captain. "My Captain," said he, "in two years you will return to the moun tains; if you'go near to Arenburg ask for Marie, and give berthis blue handkerchief. but do not tel! her how I bought it." He then knelt in prayer, and marched

with a firm step to his execution. I retired then and entered the wood that I might not witness this cruel tragedy. A few musket shots apprised me that all was over. I returned an hour afterward; the regiment had departed; all was quiet; but skirting the edge of the wood to regain the road, I perceived at a few steps before | feel they are quite sore. me traces of blood and a heap of earth, freshly made. I took a brauch of fir tree and made a sort of cross : I placed it on the it? Where is he? Is it the Kaiser himself,

A Railway Incident

It was a tnird-class carriage. She was a pleasant-faced young woman, going I think, stay away. If you come here it'll be aw- them their two fine grand-children. At least this was the little history I built up for her in my own brain from a word or young husband at the station, as be put her into the carriage with an affectionate terest the farewells and greetings of my sellow travelers, and have a fashion for thinking out for myself the whole story of that I get in this way. It is to me as if I were permitted to open the second volume of an interesting 10 nance, and allowed to read only one short scene in this, and asked to guess as nearly as possible from this one scene the previous course of the story and

the characters of the actors in it. The youngest child was an infant of about three or four months old-very quiet and good; the other was a pretty, rest-less little girl of three, who could not be still a single moment, and kept the careful mother busy by her childish questions and wants and childish prattle. She was not at all bashful and soon talked to us also in such a natural, coquettish, condescending way, that we were quite in love with the charming little lassie, and begged her mother not to cheek her innocent advances

to us. When we had been traveling together for two or three hours and began to feel quite like old sequaintances, while the train was going at full speed, the mother balf rose from her seat to place the little girl, who had left her place again on the opposite seat. How it happened I have never understood; it was one of those accidents which seem impossible, and, in fact, only happens once in a hundred thousand times; but just as she stood half erect holding her sleeping babe upon one arm and her little froliesome maiden somewhat awkwardly on the other, the little girl made one of her sudden, quick movements, and in an instant she was gone from our eyes.

What a moment! The poor mother stood fixed and rigid in exactly the same attitude, her arm still bent as though around her child, gazing with wide open, fixed eyes at the place whence she vanished. She seemed literally suddenly turned to stone; with the rest of us the case was almost the same. How long this lasted I do not know; doubtless it seemed to us much longer than it really was. Then the young mother seemed and only that a man should not be killed to come to herself, and made a sudden movement as if she would spring through the window after her vanished darling, now far away. I caught her quickly fast and held her, while the kind young lady who sat opposite to me took the baby from her arms, and we all began to talk together, no one listening to the other, about what was to be done for her. Somehow we managed in our excitement to do all that was possi bie; the guard came, the train was stopped, and the mother, without speaking to one of us, or even looking at us, left the train, supporting berself on one arm of the sympathizing goard, while he held the still

sleeping baby fast in the other. Of course the train must go on with increased speed to make up for the moment of delay, so there was no chance for us to see more of the poor bereaved mother. "Telegraph to us at the next station," said one of the railroad functionaries to the guard. "Yes, yes, be sure to do it immediately," cried a dozen voices; for in some mysterious way the news of the accident had ron through the train as if by electricity, and a long row of sympathizing faces watched from the carriage the disappearing

It will take her half an hour to reach the spot, and it is just thirty-five minutes now to the next station," said the stout gentleman in the corner, taking out his watch and holding it in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it. He had struck me as one of the most selfish and disagreeable old gentlemen possible; scarcely answering a polite question from a neighbor, and then in the shortest and gruffest manner possible; he had seemed completely absorbed by his newspaper and his snuff box, not having noticed the little fairy in any way except to glance at her now and then with a savage expression as her clear, childish laugh had disturbed his reading. Now his whole soul seemed to be fixed on the watch before him, and he "chided the tardy flight of time" again and again in words more forci-

ble than ornamental. There was a young would-be dandy in one corner; light, straw colored gloves, a slender cane, an infant mustache, and an eye glass stuck in one eye, seemed to be, in his opinion, tokens of vast superiority over the other travelers; and he spoke very little except occasionally to make some si percilious remark or ask some question about third class traveling, apparently to produce on us the impression that he was a young nobleman or prince, perhaps, in disguise, seeing for himself how mortals fared. What a change had come over him now; the eye glass hung dangling, bither and thither; with the kid gloves, of which he had been so dainty, he had grasped the dusty facing of the door, and was straining his gaze first backward until the poor mother was no longer to be seen, and then farward to the next statio where news was to meet us.

Now at last we are there; the train balts, and one of the guard runs quickly into the little office over which "telegraph" is painted. Everybody who can possibly get his or her head out of the window on that side throats it out. There is a moment of inwith a dispatch in his hand; he stands about midway between the onds of the train, and begins to read it out in his clear,

Then what a scene! Every man at the train window has his bat off in a moment, and is waving it and cheering as if he would split his throat; every woman is buried in her pocket handkerchief, crying and laughing together. The stout old egotist, and the vain young dandy have thrown their arms around each other, and are embracing with that heartiness that belongs to the sons of the Vaterland, although they never met before this morning. The stiff old maid in the corner has shaken my hands in both of hers so many times that I

All the inhabitants of the little village ome running round the train: "What is grave of poor Pierre, forgotten now by all or is it the Kronprinz?" they ask in bewil-

the world except myself and perhaps by Marie.—Translated from the French for the Boston Journal.

—"Anyting pite you dere?" inquired one fisherman of another, white engaged in angling. "No, notting at all." "Veil," returned the other, "notting pite me too."

To be it the Kronpring?" the sight of ours. But all the Kaisers and Kronprings in Europe put together could not have aroused the flood of freling that surged through that train. It was sympathy with a sentiment far older than loyality—older than the kings to whom loyalty is due—which was stirring every heart; it was sympathy with a mother's love !—J. & T. is Boston Advertiser.

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A. I

just tickle 'em to death Jo!" and, as the child closed his eyes wearily, continued with great pathos: "Won't we, little Jo? say, won't we, Jo?"

ed in a far off way:

Mrs. Van Arness good-bye, to hear him

been for you!" utter another word. I don't think anybody that was Mr. Simpson, a respected and

### MISCELLANEOUS.

-An old man, at the end of a lawsuit of

es who ought to be hanged. -Graham bread is said to be excellen

-A good life bath but a few days, but a of his nose, although he follows it.

- Many a swellish-dressed man has mor cuffs than half-pence. -A woman's pride and a sallor's guide. How to KEEP A SUBSCRIBER, -An infiguant farmer recently entered the office

"Very well," said the man. good thing to graft on buckleberry bushes, and he died in four hours."

opped his paper because I said he was the on his success so late in life. He fell

It was \$25 a week to Johnny, and it